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## St. Louis Christian Advocate.

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**THE NEGRO RACE.**—Bayard Taylor, writing from Nubia, in Egypt, says:

Those friends of the African race who point to Egypt as proof of what that race has accomplished, are wholly mistaken. The only negro features represented in Egyptian sculpture are those of slaves and captives taken in Ethiopian wars of the Pharaohs. The temples and pyramids throughout Nubia, as far as the Dardanelles and Abyssinia, all bear the hieroglyphics of monarchs, and there is no evidence in all the valley of the Nile that the negro race ever attained a higher degree of civilization than is at present exhibited in Congo and Ashantee.

I mention this not from any feeling hostile to that race, but simply to controvert an opinion very prevalent in some parts of the United States.

When any interesting and exciting subject agitates the public mind, and men array themselves in parties, some on one side and some on the other, the natural tendency is then to extremes. So it is on the negro question. Abolitionism produces ultra-proslaveryism, and ultra-proslaveryism in its turn increases the ardor of abolitionism. There are on this subject two extremes into which men are running—abolitionism on the one hand, and what is commonly called *proslaveryism* on the other; and any, or everything supposed to favor the views of either party is greedily caught up and earnestly presented, as if it were a sort of cap-sheaf to their stack of facts or arguments. The opinion of Mr. Taylor as expressed above may or may not be correct. We neither know or care. As a minister and as an editor of a Church paper our business is with men as we find them—to do good to all.

**ORTHOGRAPHY.**—We have found occasion frequently to allude to the fact, that some persons in the West and South-west were not a whit more familiar with the commonly received rules of orthography than they should be. The same is also the case with some persons at the East. Witness the following, which we copy from a paper published at Hartford, Conn.:

**TAXABLE PROPERTY.**—The following is a verbatim copy of the list handed in to the assessors under the laws of Connecticut, requiring a sworn list of all taxable property:

"F. B. list for 1857: To 35 acres of land worth \$400. House and barn nothin etal onley a place whaire theafes and Robbers brakes into and steals all that I put in them. My head which people says I muss put in which is so weelke and feeble is worth nothin etal. My wife is no use to me etal, and she is gon at the time nothin etal. 16 Sheape \$32 00 One old tom Cat 25 cents. One Kitten half prise 12 1/2."

It has long been the boast of Connecticut that all her citizens can read and write. The above gives evidence of their great proficiency in orthography also.

That's fully equal and, we think, a little superior to anything we have met with in the West; so, for the present we award the premium for bad spelling to the writer above. Some of our correspondents must try again.

"A charge of ten dollars (to pay their traveling expenses, we suppose) was made for each person, the money to be paid by the employer, and to be deducted from the future earnings of the young women. The Free Church was thrown open—the young women occupying the seats in rows, some of them crying. Customers then walked along the ranks with perfect coolness, examining their condition one by one, and when they found one suitable they planked the cash and carried off the prize."

We have noticed the above in several papers of late, but are not disposed at present to condemn or approve. Some time ago we withdrew our assent from the manner in which the operations of the "Children's Aid Society," and the "Five Points' Mission" were carried on. For this we had reasons satisfactory to ourselves. We regard much of what is done as looking to other interests rather than the good of the children concerned; and if we are mistaken in this—if the motives of all concerned are of the purest character—still we differ from them as to the mode of operation.

**TAXATION IN NEW YORK.**—Mayor Tieman, in his message to the New York city council, on the 5th inst., states the actual permanent debt of the city at about \$10,250,000, in addition to the funded debt redeemable from taxation, \$1,000,000; treasury loan account, nearly \$3,500,000; central park assessment bonds, \$1,600,000; and assessment bonds, \$1,150,000. The Mayor advertises at length to the great increase in the taxes, expressing the opinion that the public may well complain of the heavy drafts on them, when property is rendered insecure through inefficiency, health endangered by neglect of sanitary, and life daily sacrificed by violence, ruffianism and crime, through the want of energy in bringing the guilty to trial and punishment. The Mayor thinks the city pays more than its share of State tax, and recommends a renewal of the application for a board of State assessors to equalize the valuation of property throughout the State. The same he thinks is the case with the school-tax.

He recommends a revision, and in some cases a reduction, of salaries in the sinking fund account. There is a balance of \$3,200,000 every year, which should be restored to the treasury. In these ways a saving can be made of \$1,400,000. The Mayor treats of the various departments of the city government, and recommends the procurement of steam fire-engines, and that the insurance companies should contribute more largely to that department. The value of the city property is over \$42,000,000—an increase since 1850 of \$12,000,000. The Mayor thinks the metropolitan police bill unjust in many of its provisions, and that the Mayor should be the head of the police, but will give his support to the law until it is repealed.

**MALE AND FEMALE LUXURIES.**—During the past year the ladies of the United States have spent for silk \$28,699,681, for embroideries \$4,448,176, for trimmings and laces \$1,127,754, for shawls \$2,246,361, for bonnets and hats \$2,246,928; while the men have wasted their substances in brandies and liquors, \$5,963,725; in wines \$2,381,252, and in cigars and tobacco \$5,579,931. Total spent by ladies \$36,519,535; by gentlemen \$11,924,908.

### He Lived Usefully.

The following is a brief synopsis of a lecture recently delivered in New York city, on the life and character of Benjamin Franklin, by the Rev. Dr. Chapin:

A life so long and diversified, said the lecturer, and crowded with incidents, of course affords too many specific suggestions for any single occasion. But the sum total of that life—the comprehensive lesson which it yields, is the evident one that of all others Franklin was the practical man—the best representative of that class. I am understood when I say this. His history is too well known, his philosophy and character have been too well discussed for me to dwell upon deficiencies and limitations. Not even the variety of his usefulness, not all that under providence we owe to him, will allow us to place Franklin in the very highest rank of men—men who have explored the great deep of spiritual reality, its springs feeding their own souls, and who, armed with prophetic utterance, have not only helped their fellows forward, but up to higher planes of art and wisdom. These have taken the first, the barbed end of truth, its pain and loss before its utility, and in the clear sight of faith looking through all secondary films, have seen and coveted the very essence of God. But we must not only judge the life of a man by the very highest standard, but by its own standard, and judge whether it is consistent in itself. And using the term practical in its application to the more immediate utilities, we must not, on the other hand, overlook what Franklin was: a what he achieved. Paley's philosophy is not the highest philosophy; statistics are not the final test of truth. The Poor Richard maxims might possibly make a very rich man and a very mean man. But Paley's philosophy lived on in good practical results, is much better than somebody else's philosophy only talked about. It is better to see some phases of fact clearly, than certain grand features of truth veiled in mystic and impracticable haze. As to the Poor Richard maxims, they will sprout well enough if they fall into good and honest soil. As a people, no doubt we have overworked some of them, and ourselves with them. But, after all, take the time when Franklin published his almanac, take the condition of the country—see how necessary prudence, industry, economy were, not only to individual thrift but our national development and existence. It was a Poor Richard question that started the revolution and settled it—the question whether we should pay that extra penny for a stamp we hadn't ordered and didn't want. It is the Poor Richard's philosophy that has toiled and sweated and calculated until those feeble colonies have grown up to this rich and flourishing result. If you will go upon the deck of some noble packet or steamer, that fly represents our swarming commerce, you will find poor Richard abast the binnacle—and far westward he is building cities, and sowing prairies with golden grain. If it is really Franklin's Poor Richard he will be careful to keep the soil free as well as productive. And let us consider what Franklin himself made out of his philosophy in form of character and achievement. If he began with expediency, he worked clear through to the ground of absolute right. If he adopted the good because it was useful, he grew into the love of the good for its own sake. "It is true, I did write them," says he, referring to certain letters, "and they were all written in compliance with another duty—that to my country. My rule, in which I have always found satisfaction, is never to turn aside in public affairs through views of private interest, but to go straight forward in doing what appears to me right at the time, leaving the consequences with Providence." He might easily have made terms for himself with the British Government, but no one can doubt the whole-hearted integrity. "I have some little property in America," he says, "and I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend my right of giving or refusing the other shilling." These were not the words or the acts of a man who smothered principle in interest. Nor can any man with more injustice be accused of selfishness or sordidness.

The hand that clutched the pennies opened with golden guineas when charity appealed. There was no contraction of nature with increasing pelf; there was no dried blood about his heart. All the juices of affection were sweet and fresh to the last. He never forgot the rock from which he was hewn, like some men who paint over their leather aprons with a coat of arms. There was no starch in his prosperity. He knew there was no royal road to knowledge or honest wealth, and he was glad by telling young men thus, to help them over the track where he himself had gone, and to warn them of the hindrances by the way, over some of which he had stumbled. His autobiography was not intended for a model but for a lesson.

His family feelings were strong and deep. His letters to his kindred were full of affection; and when he was in England he sought out with delight the decayed family mansion, and was ashamed of no relation, however poor or humble—nor sparing of his help and bounty to such as needed. "So the years roll round," he writes to his mother, "and the last will come, when I would rather have it said 'he lived usefully,' than 'died rich.'" "I have, as you observe," he says in a letter to John Jay, "I have some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American. I have also two or three in America, who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man—for by his grace through a long life I have been able to conduct myself so that there does not exist a human being who can justly say 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is in old age a comfortable reflection." The lecturer after reviewing his political career, closed with a brilliant eulogy on his character as a man. Noble old man, said he in conclusion, who, however lacking in the highest ideals, the deepest springs of impulse, presents a character so plain to read, so full of examples which the humblest may take up with hope, and from which the wisest may learn. May all the excellence his character suggests be printed in our minds. Let us take a fair copy of it in our lives. However humble the career, let every man, especially every young man, emulate Franklin's purposes. Let him make the most and make the best of the wide or narrow sphere. Like him fill up the appointed time on earth with large sympathies and useful deeds.

**COTTON SHIPMENTS.**—The Journal of Commerce, in making its yearly reports and summaries of commerce of the United States for 1857, states: "The number of bales of cotton shipped was 2,265,588, against 2,991,175 for the preceding year, and 2,303,403 for the year 1854-5. The price averages higher than for any preceding year since 1839. This has increased the total value of the shipments, although the quantity is less than last year. A very instructive comparison of the difference to this country of a change in the export price is shown in the relative quantity and value shipped last year, and the year ending June 30, 1855. The quantity is very nearly the same in both cases, but the value has gained over thirty-three millions dollars.

### Curious Scraps of Information.

The Albany Argus, of August, 1816, in speaking of the cheapness and expedition of traveling, remarks that, "steamboats leave Albany for New York every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, at 9 A. M., and New York on the same days at 5 P. M. The fare is only seven dollars, and the trip is made in 24 hours."

The steamboat Enterprise arrived at Charleston 23d July, 1816, from Savannah, and excited a great deal of curiosity, it being the first steamboat ever seen in Charleston. Great as was the surprise, the editors of the newspapers there prophesied that "ten years hence such a boat would be no rarity anywhere in the United States where there was enough of water to float one."

In 1817 the persons engaged in fishing on the Potomac, petitioned the Virginia legislature that steamboats might be prevented from running during the month of April, as the noise could be heard several miles, and the agitation of the air and water frightened all the fish from the river. The first steamboat that ascended the Arkansas river was the Comet, which started on her first trip May 1st, 1830.

In June, 1820, the Calhoun ascended the Mississippi river as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, being the first steamboat that had reached that point.

In 1821 there were 71 steamboats on the western waters.

In 1824 there was but one steamboat on the Connecticut river, and two sailing from New York eastward.

In 1817 the whole number of steamboats that had been built on the western waters was ten—and in that year the feat of accomplishing the passage from New Orleans to the falls of the Ohio, in 26 days, was celebrated by great rejoicings.

In 1822 the number of steamboats in the United States was about 300. In 1823 there were 33 steamboats on the western waters, and 28 building. In 1827 the number on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was 100—their tonnage being 18,597. No steamboat was owned in Boston, Mass., until September, 1828. In 1826 there were nine steamboats on Lake Erie, in '34, there were 21. In 1835 the number was 31 American and 3 British, with an aggregate tonnage of 11,662. In 1830 there were 91 steamboats in New York; up to that time 321 had been built on the western waters, of which number 133 were either lost or worn out, and 188 were still running. There were 26 steamboats on the North River, whose tonnage was 6400; and 14 on the East River, of 3,520 tons.

From the introduction of steamboats on the Mississippi, in 1813, until 1823, 89 steamboats had been built, with an aggregate tonnage of 18,000.

The number of steamboats built in the United States, in 1834, was 88; in 1837, 184. Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville are the cities where most have been built at the West, and N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore at the East. The first steamboat on the St. John's river, Pa., was the George Washington, which arrived at Jacksonville 18th May, 1831, in 34 hours from Savannah. The first steamer on Lake Michigan was the Henry Clay, which commenced running in August, 1843. The tonnage of the steamboats owned in Cincinnati in 1845, was 10,473, valued at \$1,000,000, employing 2,379 hands.

**THE ARMY AND ITS COST.**—"Ion," of the Baltimore Sun, writes from Washington on the 27th: The debate upon the bill to increase the army of the United States was continued in the Senate to-day. The number of commissioned officers of the army on the 1st of January, 1857, was 1060. The number of non-commissioned officers and privates was 11,640. The whole number composing the army was, therefore, on that day, 12,700. The appropriations for the military service were, for the last year, nineteen millions of dollars. The deficiency in the appropriations for the service for the same year is seven millions.

This expenditure of twenty-six millions a year, in time of peace, exceeds the highest sum expended in the late war with Great Britain in any one year; while thirty-six millions was the highest yearly expenditure in any year of the Mexican war. The sense of the Senate, as expressed to-day, is in favor of Mr. Davis' project in preference to the addition of five regiments.

The low state of the finances of the Government was urged as an argument against any considerable increase of the army at this time, and that the force of the Utah expedition would be sufficient, with the aid which it was to receive under existing orders, for any exigency which they would meet.

It was stated in the debate to-day that the number of troops in the army authorized by law is nearly 15,000, but the average number has been actually only some 12,000 men. At present, owing to the facilities for recruiting, the number of rank and file is said to be 15,000. If the complement allowed by law be made up, and the bill before the Senate be passed, the whole force will be 24,000. This will not be too large an army, according to the great extent of our frontier and the hostilities of the Indians. Mr. Bell remarked upon this that he doubted the rumor, but that his experience had convinced him that it was in the power of a few influential individuals on the borders, at any time, to make an Indian war. There is a manifest indisposition in the Senate to increase the military establishment permanently, or to any great extent.

Propositions have been made in both Houses for the appointment of commissioners to negotiate with the Mormons, and settle all difficulties without resort to force. The project is, no doubt, politic and humane. Such a negotiation would probably result in the migration of a part of the community and the submission of the rest.

**MIRACULOUS ANSWER TO PRAYER.**—The Wilkes County, (Ga.) Republican, 9th inst., relates the following:

Benajah Prather, an orderly member of the Baptist Church of Christ, at Rehoboth, about eight years ago was taken sick, and, although very sick, there was nothing extraordinary in his case nor convalescence—but before he got entirely well he was altogether deprived of speech, notwithstanding his mental and corporal functions were vouchsafed to him in their usual perfection—nor has he uttered a word since, until Monday night last about 11 o'clock, while reposing on his bed meditating upon the goodness of his God so long sparing his life, and deploring his sad condition, praying fervently for deliverance from it—when all of a sudden, as from an electric shock, he was entirely restored, and could converse as fluently as ever in his life.

**MANUMISSION.**—The last will and testament of the late George W. P. Custis, of this county, was admitted to probate at the December term of the County Court, and by it, we learn, that he directed that all his slaves, on his different plantations, be set free within the next five years, leaving it to his executors to provide the necessary funds from his estate to remove them from the Commonwealth. There are, probably, some two or three hundred slaves thus set free.—*Nex. Gazette.*

**THE GOOD COUNSEL.**—A Tartar chief once rode with his court on a hunt. A dervish met them on the road, and at once exclaimed successfully, "Whoever gives me a hundred gold pieces, I will give him excellent advice." The chief was inquisitive, and asked the dervish wherein the good counsel consisted. "Thou shalt hear it, sir," answered the dervish, "when thou promistest that the hundred pieces shall be delivered to me." The chief gave him the sum, and the dervish said with a warning voice, "Attempt nothing until you have reflected maturely on the consequences." Then he proceeded on his way.

The attendant of the chief laughed and ridiculed the advice of the dervish, for which he had paid so dearly. Meanwhile the chief pronounced a different opinion. "The good advice," said he, "which he has given me, is indeed a most ordinary rule of prudence, but although it is so universal, it is the least obeyed; and probably on this account the dervish imparted it to me so dearly. In future it shall never escape my memory. It shall be intelligibly inscribed over all the doors of the palace, on the walls of my apartments, and on all my furniture."

After this period, an ambitious stadtholder resolved to remove the chief, and possess himself of the throne. He bribed a court physician at a great sum; and he promised to bleed the chief, as occasion might permit, with a poisoned lancet.

Such an occasion soon offered. But as the physician was about to raise the silver bowl, which was to be the receptacle of the blood, the words—"Attempt nothing till you have reflected maturely on the consequences," struck his eyes. He was startled, and, with visible anxiety, laid aside the poisoned lancet, and took one of another kind.

The chief perceived it and asked why he had laid aside the lancet. Receiving the answer that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine it; while the agitation of the physician seemed remarkable. When the physician delayed to present it to him, the chief sprang on his feet, and exclaimed, "A candid confession can only rescue your life. This apparent anxiety renders me suspicious."

The physician fell at the feet of the chief, and confessed the conspiracy against his life, which the warning inscription on the silver bowl had deprived him of the power to execute.

"Have I paid the dervish," said he, "too dearly for his advice?"

He granted the life of the physician, and commanded the stadtholder to be strangled. All sought the dervish everywhere, that he might reward him yet more.

**THE PARSON AND THE LADY.**—A young clergyman residing in this city a short time ago paid a flying visit to London, and in Oxford street met a young lady weeping bitterly. Touched by her distress, he accosted her, and she told him that she had just come to town from Birmingham with her father, that she had missed him in the street, and being an utter stranger was utterly at a loss where to go or what to do. Our friend recommended her to return at once to Birmingham, and put her into a cab to proceed to Easton square station, stating that he would have accompanied her if he had not been obliged to return to Bristol immediately. Before driving off he asked the young lady if she had any money to pay her fare, and she replied in the negative. Our friend then handed her a couple of sovereigns and his card, and the cab drove off. Now, we dare say that the reader anticipates the denouement, and is prepared to join in the laugh with which the friends of the clergyman greeted him as a victim of the arts of the whimpering miss. But "he laughs last, laughs best," says the proverb; and this was the reward of our friend; for after enduring much good natured sarcasm, and, what is perhaps worse, some real pity for his ignorance of female wiles and ingenuity, the story of the forlorn damsel turned out to be true. A few days since our friend received a letter from the lady's father, an aged clergyman, stating that he had accidentally lost his daughter as the young lady described, and thanking him for "the most disinterested act of kindness he had ever met with in the course of a long life." Of course an order was enclosed for the repayment of the loan, which bears the highest of all interest, gratitude, and, may we not add, public respect?—*Bristol (England) Mirror.*

**THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON DISPLAYED IN ALL ITS BEAUTY AND MAGNIFICENCE.**—In obedience to the urgent demand of public curiosity, the equestrian statue of Washington was yesterday uncovered, and all its beauties unveiled to the gaze of thousands, who, for several hours, stood around in admiring criticism of the group. About 12 M., the face of the great captain was uncovered, and three hearty cheers went up as the noble features were opened to view, a bright sunshine lighting up the face. We must defer to an early day a description of the group, which, without one dissenting voice, so far as we could learn, is pronounced a wonderful triumph of art. In all its details the statue is perfect, and seems to move and speak with all the naturalness and vividness of nature.

The statue will be again veiled this morning, so that the tens of thousands who will visit Richmond on the 22d February may enjoy the surprise of novelty that delighted so many yesterday. We have to advise all who wish to realize the perfect likeness of Washington, as accordant with the face of Houdon's statue, to look at the statue of Washington from the east—that is, from a line running from the western point of the City Hall portico.

All we have to say at present is, that all our labors and anxieties about the success of the Virginia Washington Monument are more than compensated by the unveiling of the Washington group. In the language of a distinguished foreigner of talent and taste, Virginia and Richmond can justly claim to have the finest work of art in the world.

In conclusion, we are requested by several leading citizens to suggest that a public meeting of the citizens of Richmond be called at once, to make arrangements for the entertainment of the large number of visitors who will be in Richmond at the great celebration on the 22d of February. We leave to others to carry out the patriotic suggestion.—*Richmond Enquirer, Jan. 28.*

**THE FOLLY OF NATIONS.**—An eminent French statistician states that the land and naval forces of the European armies number 2,800,000 sound, picked men, in the prime of their productive strength; the annual outlay required to keep up these armies and the material of war is over \$400,000,000, not including the value of land or buildings occupied by fortifications, arsenals, hospitals, foundries, schools, etc., moderately estimated at \$3,800,000,000, on which, at four per cent interest, the yearly expense is more than \$150,000,000. To this add the value of the labor which these men would productively perform, which amounts to more than \$150,000,000, and we have an annual war expense paid by European producers of nearly \$800,000,000.

**WASHINGTON IRVING.**—Mr. N. P. Willis, in a letter to the Home Gazette, gives the following pleasant account of Washington Irving at Sunny Side, his rural retreat on the banks of the Hudson:

Mr. Irving came out while we were exchanging salutations with the group under the porch. His true and easy step, pliant motion, admirable spontaneity of good spirits and quiet simplicity of address, giving him the appearance of a man of half his age. This impression was somewhat corroborated, no doubt, by the summer airiness of his dress and a certain juvenescence that there will always be about light walking-shoes and a low-crowned straw hat—somewhat, too, perhaps by the unchanged erectness and compactness of his well proportioned figure. But I did not realize then, nor afterwards during the day, that there was anything in his mein or appearance but the healthfulness of middle age, anything but the uncompleted promptness and elasticity of vigor unabated. He said he sometimes worked even fourteen hours a-day, but that he usually sits in his study occupied from breakfast till dinner, and that he would be sorry to have much more leisure. He was never more astonished, he said, than at the success of the "Sketch-Book"; his writing of those stories were so unlike an inspiration, so entirely without any feeling of confidence which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother one day, foggy Sunday over Westminster bridge, he got to telling the old Dutch stories which he had heard at Tarrytown in his youth, when the thought suddenly struck him—"I'll go home and make memoranda of these for a book." And leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down all the data; and the next day, in the dullest and darkest of London fogs, he sat in his room and wrote out "Sleepy Hollow," by the light of a candle.

**CHARLES LAMB'S WARNING.**—Charles Lamb, a genius and a drunkard, tells his sad experience as a warning to young men, in the following language:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and have no power to stop it—and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all his godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feeble outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

If you have a young friend who may be in danger of acquiring an appetite for strong drink, invite his attention to Charles Lamb's dreadful experience.

**THE MIDNIGHT SUN OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.**—Bayard Taylor writes from the "Steamer Gyller, Arctic Ocean, July 27," of the sun as seen at midnight in that latitude:

It was now 11 o'clock, and Saverholt glowed in fiery bronze lustre as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds that had been frightened from their roost by the firing of the steamer's gun gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech leaves in the October air. Far to the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffrons melted through delicate rose color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly opaline flashes of pink and golden gray. The sea was a web of plesate color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply indented coast—the capes of the Luxe and Forsanger Fiords, and of Magoroe—lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory.

Far to the northeast was Nordkys, the most northern point of the mainland in Europe, gleaming rosy and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea. Midway between these two magnificent headlands stood the midnight sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour, for which we had no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both; but shining at the same moment in the heat and splendor of noonday on the Pacific Islands.

This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole line of the sky had changed, the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermilion of dawn. Yet it was neither the color nor the same character of light as we had half an hour before midnight. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described, but it was different between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one whole expression of heaven and earth, and so unperceptible that into another, had changed the preceptible and so miraculously that a new day was already present to our consciousness.

**APPARATUS FOR LAYING THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.**—It has already been stated in the American, that Mr. Henry Berdan, of Philadelphia, has invented an ingenious contrivance for laying the submarine telegraph, by which the cable will be relieved from the sudden strain occasioned by the heaving of the ship. This end is achieved by having one of the drums around which the cable passes, not stationary, but on a car running on a track on deck, and so regulated that the cable drawing in one direction, is regulated by a weight drawing it the other, so that the effect of these two forces, varying in intensity with the motion of the sea, will keep the car constantly running backwards and forwards, the strain on the cable drawing it one way as the vessel rises with a heavy sea, and the contracting weight impelling it forward as the ship falls in the trough of the sea. Aside from this, the cable is made to pass over and under five other drums, which guide its passage from the hold of the ship to the stern of the vessel.

**THE VOICE OF THE DEAD NATIONS.**—The dead nations, whose giant skeletons now lie bleaching on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the foundation strength, and rotted the live virtue of one, and it disappeared beneath the green pool of its own corruption.

Brutal war, made a business of, and carried in every direction, drew upon another the combined wrath of the world, and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force.

Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot and goaded to madness, rose on another, and buried it in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation.

Internal antipathies, based on sectional difference, fed by selfish interest and taunting debate, finally exploded in the quarrelsome parties of another, and hurled its disordered fragments to ruin by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred.

Of all the mighty empires whose melancholy ghosts now pace the pallid margin of oblivion, not one ever sunk but its fall was through internal iniquity some way or other. Shall the stately shade of America, too, go down to join the doleful company of crowned spectres, moving them beneath to rise up at her coming, with the sardonic mock, "Art thou also as we?" If we would avoid their doom of vengeance, we must not tread their path of guilt.—*Alger.*

**SELF-CONTROL.**—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error. But the latter was inflexible.

Desirous to make a last effort the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs—

"Tell the rascal I am not at home."

The Quaker looking up to him, calmly said,

"Well, friend, may God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and that he himself was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said:

"I have one question to ask you. How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful—and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spoke aloud—and I thought if I could repress my voice I should restrain my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key; and by a careful observation of this rule I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefited by his example.

**"CAN'T AFFORD IT."**—A voluntary collector for one of the great benevolent interests of the day, called lately, in pursuance of his duty, upon a gentleman with whom he was acquainted—a business man and a Christian, but one who had hitherto excused himself from making liberal contributions on the plea that he "could not afford it." This plea from a man of undoubted wealth had probably seemed incredible to our friend the collector. But as he now sat in view of the sumptuous parlors, awaiting the appearance of the proprietor, the truth flashed upon him. He felt that the plea had been sincere—the explanation was before him.

On the gentleman's entrance he mentioned the error on which he had come, adding:

"But I see, sir, that you really cannot afford it, and I cannot think of presenting any claim upon you. Such a scale of expenditure as I see indicated by everything around me, can indeed leave but little, if anything, to spare for the cause of Christ. I must look elsewhere for support to our operations. Good morning, sir."

The collector left, but the arrow he had lodged did not. It was not long before the rich steward sought him with acknowledgments for the cutting reproach, which had made a profound and abiding impression upon his conscience. He had made up his mind that he could afford to give and could not afford to squander. He presented the collector a check for \$1,000, with the assurance that the style of his household should be no longer a scandal nor an incumbrance to his piety.

**A MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE.**—The Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, which has been in the course of construction for several years, it is said will be the largest and finest in the world. It is to be two miles in length. The total amount of masonry in the bridge will be 3,000,000 cubic feet, which, at 13 1/2 feet to the ton, gives a total weight of about 22,000 tons. Fourteen of the piers are completed, and it is expected that eight more will be finished next season, leaving only two to erect in 1859. The total weight of iron in the tubes will be 10,400 tons. The bridge, when completed, is estimated to cost the comfortable pile of \$5,000,000! Such a sum ought to construct a "magnificent bridge," or anything else.

**ISSUE OF UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES.**—Up to Saturday 248 notes of the denomination of \$1000, and 119 notes of the denomination of \$500, have been issued to satisfy land warrants. We also learn that the 288 of the \$1000 notes, and 123 of the \$500 notes, have been taken